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THE House has accepted what is known as the Senate's navy program, authorizing the largest construction in our history and the biggest armament budget ever passed in time of peace. No one should suppose that because we are preparing such heavy armament we are necessarily better defended because of it. If there is one cardinal fact in the world's recent experience it is that no amount of military preparation can in itself constitute adequate defense. No matter how big a navy the United States may build, its security will not rest upon that navy. Its security will rest upon the proper adjustment of its relations to the great Powers of Asia and Europe and especially to the British Empire. Unless our diplomatic policy is formulated in such a way as to assure us the friendship of the liberal Powers of the west, unless, in other words, we are diplomatically secure against a hostile combination of Powers, all this naval construction will simply be more money wasted in a futile race of armaments. Build the second greatest navy in the world, accompany it with a policy of

diplomatic isolation and with what the Republicans call "the intention of upholding all our rights everywhere and all the time," and if the world's experience means anything we shall see formed against us a combination of forces greater than anything we can create. The naval program will add to the security of the United States only if we are governed by a policy which recognizes that force must be used in combination with the progressive nations of western Europe.

THE senatorial situation in New York State throws a curious light on the working of American politics. The Democrats, responding to a real popular demand voiced by the labor unions, the more genuine Progressives and the liberal Democrats, have succeeded in securing the endorsement of Judge Seabury as candidate for governor. Having exhausted their virtue and their interest in conceding so much to the spirit of the times, the senatorship is about to go by default to a colorless friend of the organization, Mr. William F. McCombs. No evidence exists that Mr. McCombs has any ideas on the subject of policy, though he is regarded as a fairly competent political manager. The Republicans seemed to take so little interest in their nomination for senator that before anybody quite realized it ex-Congressman William Calder had filled the vacuum where a real candidate ought to have been. Few people care about Mr. Calder. No one identifies him with any important national policy. He is the type of conventional political broker who has done what the mediocre Congressman spends most of his time doing—acting as a kind of small attorney for local patronage and local interest. Finally, the more nationally minded Republicans in New York seem to have waked up in the last few days and the name of Mr. Robert Bacon, former Ambassador to France, has been mentioned. Mr. Bacon probably has the support of Colonel Roosevelt, and he also has the great virtue of standing for a definite issue.

AFTER long delay, and what was probably a hard secret political fight, President Wilson has nominated Judge Charles M. Hough to be Circuit Judge in New York in place of Judge E. Henry Lacombe, who had resigned. The appointment carries on the highest traditions of the judiciary, for it is obviously one made not for political motives but because of meritorious service and from a desire to fill the higher grades from men who have distinguished themselves in the service. The nomination will be recognized by men of all parties as a credit to President Wilson and to the bench.

ANY city department of health in the nation would probably have duplicated the fumbling with which the New York health officials began their fight against infantile paralysis. Experts in epidemics knew that the only chance of stopping such a scourge is to take it early. They knew that the most important measure of prevention is not ordinary sanitation so much as isolation and control of contacts. Yet New York did not fully recognize the existence of the epidemic until nearly a month after it became evident from statistics, and did not begin control of contacts until there were over two thousand cases, and other methods had been initiated. The reason is that the health department did not contain a bureau under an experienced expert in epidemics. Such men are rare, and most health departments do not know that they are necessary to coördinate and put into action the contributions of laboratory researchers and sanitary officials. As Dr. Charles E. North ably shows in the *Medical Record*, we should be prepared to combat not only the infrequent epidemics such as poliomyelitis, but also those which occur regularly, such as typhoid fever, pneumonia and grippe. But to do this we must develop and add to our health departments men trained in the almost new science of epidemiology.

IT will be in a high degree regrettable if the possibilities contained in the recent settlement in the car strike of New York City do not obtain their opportunity for development. Certainly the alleged dismissal by the companies of some thirty or forty men who played a prominent part in the strike is calculated to destroy exactly that confidence through which alone any hope of permanent peace will become possible. Even from the standpoint of the railroad companies it is not good business. The recent strike showed quite plainly that they are dependent upon public support. That support must clearly be withheld if they are unable to live up both to the spirit and to the letter of their agreements. The aftermath of any great

labor agitation has its "twilight zone" where the essential thing is the reconstitution of mutual understanding—and in the case of a public utility that is even more essential than in so-called private industry. The companies, moreover, must bear in mind that to the terms of settlement were attached the signatures of the Mayor of New York, and of Chairman Straus of the Public Service Commission. Neither of these can allow their guaranty of good faith to be wantonly violated. The action charged against the companies is the inevitable accompaniment of almost every strike and nothing tends so much to continue bad feeling. If the charges of the men are justified, it will be the duty of the Mayor and of Mr. Straus to make it very plain to the companies concerned that the faith of the public is not to be tampered with in this easy fashion.

THE officials of the New York City Railways Company have learned exactly nothing from the strike of a fortnight ago. In labor matters they are the same inept and fumbling gentlemen that they were when the strike broke out. They signed an agreement, which they had presumably read and understood, but which they are now violating without any apparent sense that it is dishonorable to break an agreement with your own employees. The entire attitude of the company officials is replete with bad faith, and indicates a determination to undermine the union by any means. The company has been discharging men who took part in the strike. It has sought to control the manner in which the men should organize, which is tantamount to appointing the representatives with which the company is to deal. Its officials have made speeches which cannot be construed otherwise than as a warning to the men not to join the union.

PRIOR to the strike the officials were not aware that the men had grievances. To-day they still believe that these grievances can be settled by private solicitation by employees and individual acts of justice and grace by the company. How the company proposes to settle these grievances is illustrated by an incident which occurred during a speech by Mr. Frank Hedley, the general manager of the company, to his employees. Mr. Hedley said that he wanted to talk direct to the men and wished them to tell him their grievances "in a sensible manly way." If anyone thought he was not properly paid he should let him know at once, "man to man." Whereupon a spokesman of the employees, a Mr. John McNamara, asked Mr. Hedley whether he could do anything for twelve men in the company's real-estate branch, who were

receiving only \$12 a week. "Write to the head of your department," Mr. Hedley replied, "and I will take the matter up." "We did, and received a most humiliating reply two weeks ago," McNamara replied. "Well, I have been too busy to read any letters during the last two weeks. Write to him again about it and say that I told you to do so."

TWO weeks ago we said that the weakness of the radical labor movement is due in some measure to the incompetence of the Socialist press. We mentioned the *New York Call* as an example of unfair and untruthful journalism. The *Call* retorts that THE NEW REPUBLIC, being an endowed publication, finds the *Call* too truthful. Let us see. On August 5th New York City was in the midst of a great traction strike and the *Call* proposed to make itself the mouthpiece of the strikers. Here is the way the *Call* sized up the situation:

That, however the conflict may go, the strikers will find the city administration hostile to them; that the so-called Republicans and Democrats elected to city office will one and all take their stand with the Shontses and Hedleys and Mahers and against the strikers; that they will not only tolerate but encourage the bringing of thugs and gunmen here to break the strike; that they will lend the companies the aid of the police force as far as possible for the same object; that, in short, their entire power and influence will be thrown on the side of the bosses and against the workers.

A more crucial subject could hardly be selected on which to test a paper's ability to act either as the mouthpiece or adviser of the labor movement. On the biggest issue presented to it, an issue of supreme importance to hundreds of thousands of workers and millions of people, the *Call's* judgment was just exactly one hundred per cent wrong. Its editors wrote, not as a result of honest inquiry of the facts, but out of sheer prejudice and preconception. How under the circumstances can labor entrust its fate to the leadership of the *Call*?

ON the last day of August the Republicans will notify Mr. Fairbanks that he is their nominee for Vice-President. Sometime in September the Democrats will notify Vice-President Marshall that they have renominated him. These two pieces of news are not unexpected. The country was more or less prepared for them by what happened at Chicago and St. Louis. Yet such news must always be unwelcome. From the standpoint of each party the best way to notify such candidates is not with speeches and barbecues and the flapping of flags, but in deserts where no men abide, in caves from which newspaper men and telegraph wires are excluded, in sackcloth and

ashes, in a whisper. Mr. Marshall is an argument for the election of Mr. Hughes. Mr. Fairbanks is an argument for the reelection of Mr. Wilson. These assertions are accepted as truth nearly everywhere in the United States. Why pretend that either party has reason to be proud of its choice for Vice-President? Because habit is strong. Because it is more humane to make much of each candidate than to ignore them both. Because the real damage was done when the nominations were made.

THE case of Charles Frederick Stielow is rapidly becoming a scandal. Conviction, sentence to death, preparation for execution two or three times, reprieve, stay of execution, third-degree confessions, new confessions, charges of conspiracy, have made the case a horror to people of decent feeling. Here is a man, obviously of low mentality and perhaps feeble-minded, about whom there rages what looks almost like a political controversy as to whether he should or should not be executed. A number of disinterested, public-spirited citizens have taken up the fight in his behalf, and the district attorney who convicted him seems more bent on proving that he did not convict an innocent man than on finding out whether Stielow is really innocent or not. A stronger argument against capital punishment has not been put forward in many a day, for the case is so full of doubt that the thought of executing Stielow is impossible. The cruelty of the whole affair as it falls upon Stielow can hardly be exaggerated. Even the one redeeming feature of the whole situation is tragic—that Stielow's mind is not capable of a full realization of the horror to which he is being subjected.

IT did not need the suppression of Bernard Shaw's war play to prove he could irritate loyal Englishmen. Before the war he consummately irritated them, and now—"this venomous reptile," as one angry patriot puts it, "has turned to bite the foolish hands that cherished it." Shaw's advice to England on the Casement case, however, was probably the wisest advice he ever gave it, and it becomes increasingly to be regretted that England failed to take it. Shaw was revolted by the temper and spirit in which Germany executed Captain Fryatt on technical grounds. He believed rightly that democratic neutrals were similarly revolted. The evidence that is now coming to light shows that Germany itself knew how little humane excuse could be found for it. But as Shaw saw it, Roger Casement was also an open enemy of the country that captured him and in effect a prisoner of war. "We have now a priceless opportunity," he said, "of placing a reprieve of Casement in the sharpest contrast to the execution of Captain

Fryatt. If we miss it, and miss it in cold blood, we must not expect America and France, or any other country, to draw that distinction between the merciful and magnanimous Briton and the cruel and ruthless Hun which most of us, I hope, would like to see realized in deeds as well as in printer's ink." How much England appreciated this argument the sequel unfortunately shows.

MOST good Englishmen probably regretted the Casement execution as a disagreeable necessity. They were sorry for his plight, but they felt he had invited it, and they deemed that the war gave England no option but to carry out the law. In much the same spirit, beyond question, German officialdom deemed it an unpleasant duty to shoot Miss Edith Cavell and to punish Captain Fryatt. In much the same spirit, to go a step farther, artillery men on both sides on the Somme feel it an unavoidable calamity to fire on the Red Cross. There is no limit to the argument of "military necessity" and no answer which, by its own measure, will not seem sentimental if it pleads for the foe. But democratic neutrals, rightly or wrongly, expect their faith in the Allies to be justified by the deeds of the Allies. Faith is not blind. It involves an anticipation which under given circumstances must be met.

Railroad Strikes

PRESIDENT WILSON is showing energy and resourcefulness in his efforts to compel the railway managers and trainmen to agree to a settlement. As usual in such cases there is an attempt to split the difference between what the men demand and what the companies offer, to fix upon terms which will be reasonably tolerable to all parties. But the task is difficult. Both sides manoeuvre for position; each seeks to place the onus upon the other; each realizes that even if it must consent in the end, the longer it refuses the better. As for the public, all it wants is that there should be no strike.

If the President succeeds we may for the time being sleep in our beds undisturbed by the nightmare of a general railway strike. We can forget the image, which has flashed through our minds, of cities without milk or food or coal, with unemployed men rioting, and thousands literally dying of starvation. Yet until the next threatened railway strike we shall have only a short respite. During the last twenty-two years a whole series of these railroad strikes have been threatened, in each of which we have expended our liberal indignation on one side or the other, and then, after the peril passed, gone back to our homes and businesses and forgotten

all about it. We scarcely pay attention to the terms of each settlement. As for the basic conditions of the problem or the manner in which we may save ourselves from future crises, we do not concern ourselves at all.

Perhaps the chief reason why we do not foresee and seek to understand this problem is that its essential factors run counter to our customary modes of thought. On the labor problem we have certain fixed ideas. We believe that men may always quit work if not satisfied, and employers may discharge their men and shut down their plants at will. What wages are to be paid and what conditions of labor shall prevail must depend upon a free contract, in which the industrially stronger party secures the advantage. When this bargaining power of employees and employer is translated into the strike or lockout, we resent it as an interruption to business. Yet it is exactly this withholding of labor or of jobs, which constitutes the essence of our industrial system. We oppose any legal compulsion to work, or legal compulsion upon the employer to run his business on unsatisfactory terms. The threat of a strike or lockout, therefore, is the last argument in industrial bargaining—one might almost say the only argument.

On the railroads, however, a general strike or lockout cannot be permitted. It is not a matter of justice. Here the principle of free bargaining, whether individually or collectively, is subordinated to public necessity. A railroad strike or lockout of any duration means a cessation of the railway service, and the community cannot continue to live if the trains stop running. If the strike were to last only a few days, the damage might be repaired, but the key of the situation lies in the fact that employers and employees can hold out for an indefinitely longer time than can the public. As a consequence, general railroad strikes are in fact, though not by law, proscribed.

This contradiction between legal theory and economic fact, between the legal right to strike and the actual impermissibility of striking, has been immensely sharpened during the last twenty years. The railway strike of 1894, when the unions were still weak, could not, without resort to violence, completely shut down railroad transportation. The President could break the strike by insisting that the mails be carried. No injunction to-day, however, could compel four hundred thousand peaceful strikers to return to their work. There are not enough unemployed railway engineers in the whole country to run the trains. The great railway brotherhoods are therefore able to put pressure upon the companies to the extent that the public permits.

Whether in any given case the demands of the

brotherhoods are wholly or partially justified is not a question which can be settled by any appeal to sentiment, as would be the case if the railway trainmen were grossly underpaid, like the striking motor-men in New York City. The wages of these trainmen might appropriately be increased, but it is not contended that their wages are so low as those of the vast majority of American workmen. The members of the Brotherhoods represent to some degree the aristocracy of labor; they are skilled workers, legitimately seeking their own interests without much consideration for the interests of the unskilled and low-paid workers in their industry. They hold a strategic position. Alone among railway workers they are able to stop the wheels. If they are entirely justified in their present claims it does not follow that they will be justified in the future. Two years or five years hence they may make quite exorbitant demands. And these demands cannot be enforced by a strike or resisted by a lockout, and there is ultimately no other method of bargaining between the men and the companies.

As far as the public attitude is concerned one conclusion is obvious. If the men's demands cannot be decided by a strike they must be adjudicated otherwise. Though the public has a paramount interest in a continuity of service, it may not secure this interest without providing an adequate machinery by which the rights of the workers can be safeguarded. In other words, machinery must be established for fixing wages and conditions on railways as well as in all other industries in which the public interest strongly predominates.

To a certain extent this machinery is already provided. We have our Erdmann act and Newlands act; and actually all recent railroad controversies have been settled either by mediation, forced or at least urged by the public, or by arbitration. While, however, we have slowly adapted our exigency methods to the new conditions, we have left our philosophy unchanged. Though we deny the right to strike and substitute arbitration by a federal body, we do not frankly recognize that the entire basis for determining railway labor conditions has changed and that the real position of workers and employers in this industry is no longer analogous to that in other industries. We have not made legal position conform to economic status. As a result, every few years we have a threatened railroad strike, a deal of gentlemanly bluster, of fencing and finessing on both sides, and finally a settlement which postpones the trouble but does not establish permanent relations.

An even more important defect of the present situation lies in the fact that the rights and interests of the vast majority of railroad wage-earners

are quite unrepresented. These unskilled men, of whom there are a million or more, have no nuisance value and, therefore, no power to compel decisions in their favor. Not consulted when the skilled workers threaten a strike or conclude an agreement, unable themselves to strike so long as the organized employees are at work, these unskilled men are in a position little worse than if the railroad managers and the skilled workers were in allied hostility to them.

Since decisive strikes in the railroad industry are thus morally impossible, owing to the fact that they would destroy the public before they injured either party, the logical course for the community to pursue is to determine wages and conditions in the industry without waiting for strikes to threaten. Society need not be galvanized into sudden activity by repeated menaces. It need not reserve all benefits to unions able to threaten the impossible strike. Our present policy puts a premium upon threats which cannot be executed, and results in a series of unrelated concessions to pressure. Each successive Board of Arbitration is a law unto itself acting as though there had never been an arbitration before. Each acts on an insufficient knowledge of an overwhelming mass of evidence. Instead of this indefinite succession of accidental Boards of Arbitration, there should be one federal body to deal with the subject, a continuing investigating commission with authority first to advise and subsequently to decide what wages should be paid in the industry and what conditions of labor should prevail.

Such a step may seem revolutionary, but in truth it would constitute not a change in our action, but a recognition of a change which has long been in progress. It would merely formulate, perfect and rationalize a policy already forced upon us. A body so created would have the power of determining wages, not only for engineers, conductors, and other skilled workers in a strategic position, but also for the mass of underpaid, undervalued track-men and day laborers. It would be able to study conditions and work out principles of remuneration, which while not absolute or scientific would at least have a qualified validity like those upon which our railroad rates are based. The new commission would obviate our present instinctive, sudden, and unprepared approach to the problem and would increase the force which the public could put behind its decisions. Under the new system, the raw conflict of opposed forces would be subordinated to public interest and public necessity far more consciously, thoroughly and vividly than under the system which now prevails.

We cannot take such a step as the creation of a Railroad Labor Board, to act whether strikes are threatened or not, without recognizing the direction

in which the policy leads. The right of the federal government to fix wages on railroads involves the right to reduce railroad earnings and to circumscribe the initiative of railroad managers. Like the Interstate Commerce Commission, which limits the right of the railroad to fix rates, this new board would lessen the range of managerial power and deprive the railroads of that degree of free enterprise which constitutes the essence of industrial leadership. The railroad stockholders would tend to become sleeping partners, mere inactive owners and *rentiers*, and the value of their holdings would depend almost exclusively upon federal decisions concerning railroad rates and railroad wages. In such circumstances many stockholders would begin to clamor for a complete nationalization of American railroads.

Even under government ownership the essential conflict between liberty of contract and the necessity for a continuous railroad service would exist. We may conceive of a situation similar to that which arose in France, where the interests of the railroad men, especially of those still holding a strategic position, were sharply opposed to those of the government. A short strike under such circumstances might be in the nature of a political demonstration, but in any case it would not be impossible. Nor would the fixing of wages, even under government ownership, be an easy process. There is no final principle determining wages which can be applied automatically. Under government ownership, as before, there would be the same give and take, the same attempt to measure essentially immeasurable things according to standards which themselves do not remain constant, and in the end a general decision according to certain vague prepossessions of the people as a whole. Such a difficulty, however, is inherent in the nature of the problem. The important fact is that the condition of the mass of workers, and especially of the unskilled, would be far better under government ownership than under the present system.

However long or short the process toward an effective federal management and ownership of railroads, the immediate steps seem clear. We must end a system by which rights are secured only through the threat of railroad strikes which by their very nature must injure the public rather than the immediate parties in interest. We must stretch the principle of protecting the rights of skilled and well situated railroad workers to those who are unskilled and in no strategic position. We must make the really determining factor in all such controversies the interest of the entire public. In other words, the solution of this permanent problem forces an appeal not to traditional legal principles which are rapidly losing their sanction but to

economic conditions which underneath all legal principles, actually determine the course of events.

Mr. Hughes on Tour

MR. HUGHES has been campaigning two weeks, the outlines of his position are known, and his admirers are apologetic and on the defensive. Among the voters who have no party loyalty, the liberals and progressives and independents, Mr. Hughes is weaker than he was on the day of his nomination. If it were possible to plot a curve of enthusiasm, it would start fairly high at the Chicago convention, would run level or slightly down through June and July, would show a sharp break after the notification speech, and no sign of an upward movement during the speech-making tour. Mr. Wilson's popularity seems to show a different course. The lowest point in his career was during the winter, marked perhaps by the date of Secretary Garrison's resignation. From then there has been a steady rise, marked by a number of excellent appointments, by the diplomatic success against Germany, and a real indication that the progressive or Wilson Democrats were securing a control of the party. Baker, Brandeis, Clarke, the historic speech on the League to Enforce Peace, rural credits, child labor, even the adjustment, perhaps temporary and unreal, with Carranza, the rush of the anti-Wilson German-Americans to Hughes, the mishandling of the Progressives, have marked a strengthening of Mr. Wilson's position. He is stronger to-day, it seems, than at any time since Mr. Roosevelt and the pro-Germans opened fire on him in the autumn of 1914.

We believe that Mr. Hughes is not doing himself justice in the campaign; that he has a fresher and more penetrating mind than his speeches reveal. The case for Mr. Hughes may be put in some such way as this: he has a passion for disinterested administration coupled with a deep dislike of the patronage and pork and log-rolling which keep the government local in spirit, partisan in animus, unsuccessful in execution, and mediocre in personnel. Mr. Hughes, his warmest admirers believe, is the one man in public life who cares sufficiently about this fundamental evil to stake his future in the fight against it. Mr. Hughes is the kind of man who might sacrifice everything else to make this fight.

Whether this is Mr. Hughes as he really exists or merely a fiction is one of the great questions about which liberals will have to make up their minds between now and November. At this date they have to guide them merely the excellent record

in New York, the high quality of his judicial decisions and his campaign speeches. The speeches raise more questions than they answer. Mr. Hughes has declared for an executive budget, which is the beginning of political wisdom, he has said that he favored an administrative commission to deal with river-and-harbor legislation, and he has criticised Mr. Wilson's lapses in the improvement of civil service standards. He declared solemnly and impressively at Chicago that he had no debts to pay, though he supplemented it with the "weasel" phrase that he was a strong party man. To the observer the two statements are hard to reconcile. Even though the protestations about the Republican party and the mere anti-Democratic partisanship be discounted as campaign buncombe, it is still a question whether Mr. Hughes realizes the size of the task about which he talks. In his speeches at least it is not easy to discern a realization of how radical is the reform he promises. His speeches might mean nothing more than that he prefers competent Republicans to incompetent Democrats. He picks out vulnerable spots in Mr. Wilson's administration, but any partisan can do that to any other. Mr. Hughes has still to make clear that when he talks about "America efficient" he means not merely a temporary change of office-holders, but a war against the Congressional "system," and a revolutionary change in the *method* of making appropriations and selecting officials. For unless he revolutionizes the method, he will waste himself on the old futility of the "good man" theory of politics.

When Mr. Hughes leaves the field of administration and begins to talk about national and international policy he becomes so vague, so commonplace and so timid that his friends are at a loss to account for him. The European war he avoids as if it were the plague—an unpardonable exhibition of weakness. It is straining our faith to ask us for power to alter American destiny through generations to come, without any explanation whatever of his general policy and views. Mr. Hughes is evading the issue because he has no policy or because he is afraid of losing votes. In comparison with the European war the question of Mr. Durand's resignation, or even of radical administrative reform, is entirely secondary. The country will survive incompetent Democrats like Daniels as it survived sinister Republicans like Ballinger. But it simply cannot give Mr. Hughes a blank check upon its international future. In the next month Mr. Hughes should be forced to speak plainly about our relation to the great Powers of Europe and the weak states of Latin America.

Mr. Hughes spoke at Detroit about the relation of capital and labor, a matter which will rise

to high importance in the next four years. The evasion was complete. The strife must end, we must be human, and all work together. So says every good-natured, ignorant employer who thinks strikes a great nuisance. But as statesmanship it touches zero. The questions Mr. Hughes would have to answer if he were elected would be like these: In a great strike tending to violence on one side or both, for what purpose is the power of the government to be used? Does law and order include such conceptions as the protection of the right to organize and the conservation of fundamental standards of living? Shall power be used to protect strikebreakers and to break strikes or to enforce a positive public interest which covers not only absence of violence but the protection of the strikers' right to organize, picket, agitate and compel American working and living conditions? That is the sort of problem a statesman must face, and homilies about goodwill and humanity are a confession of unfamiliarity with the question.

Not only has Mr. Hughes avoided the big matters about which we have a right to hear from him, he has not faced the underlying question of the connection between legislative policy and administrative reform. Mr. Wilson has a remarkable legislative record alongside an attitude toward partisanship and administration which is hardly redeemed by a number of splendid appointments. The legislative success and the administrative weakness are two sides of the same shield. Mr. Wilson's bad appointments are the price he paid for the laws enacted. Mr. Wilson's problem has been: is the Federal Reserve act worth Bryan and Daniels? He has had to decide, not once but many times, whether it was the right moment to drive important legislation through Congress by tossing a few offices to the sharks, or whether the offices were more important than the legislation. Had Mr. Wilson foreseen the European war, he might have sacrificed Mr. Bryan and the Federal Reserve act. But to discuss Mr. Bryan and not see his relationship to the constructive work of the Democratic Congress is to be very unrealistic about American politics. Mr. Hughes refers to Mr. Bryan, the price which Mr. Wilson paid. He is silent about legislation which represents the other end of the bargain.

It is a sordid choice, no doubt, but one which Mr. Hughes himself will have to make. If he chooses to stand out against the system of which the Bryans are merely a symptom, let him have no illusion about the constructive work of his administration. The puzzled voter to-day must make up his mind whether silence upon the great issues of the day is compensated by passion for good men in office.

Loyal Employees

ON the very day before the employees of the New York City Railways Company went out on a strike, a delegation waited on the President, Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, and informed him that of the 2568 motormen and conductors employed by the company, 2423 or over 94 per cent had signified their loyalty. This delegation of "loyal employees" later assured the Mayor that they "wanted to stick," that they had been treated fairly and were satisfied with conditions. "All we want," said their leader, a picturesque conductor named "Rusty" Livingston, "is to help the public and be assured of protection. We don't believe in violence or crime, or you would not see gold bands on the sleeves of the men before you." Yet on the next day but few cars were running, although there was ample police protection and no violence.

It is probable that Mr. Shonts and other officers of the company were not entirely surprised at the overwhelming protestation of loyalty. The loyal petition had been sent to the car barns by the company, and each motorman and conductor on leaving his car had been asked by the starter or some one else in authority to affix his signature. If the conductor or motorman refused to sign he would incur the animosity of his immediate superior and might be forced to work seventeen hours a day, or be given bad runs, or be fined, disciplined or discharged. One conductor or motorman is no match for the New York City Railways Company. Being weak individually he gave in temporarily. If Paris was well worth a mass, surely the man's job was worth an unmeaning signature to a lying document, obtained under compulsion. Even the unionists, who were collectively agreed on striking, put their names to the loyalty pledge. A moral hero would have stood out alone against the great railway company, but moral heroes are not in demand as conductors and motormen.

Whether Mr. Shonts really believed, or merely wished the public to believe, that 94 per cent of his employees were overflowing with loyalty, is a psychological problem of no universal consequence. The mental attitude that would even casually entertain such a hypothesis is of importance only because the men who think in this way have so extraordinary and abnormal an influence over our whole industrial life. When such men speak of loyalty they think of humble subordination. The conception fuses with that of feudal allegiance, fealty, homage, the dutiful respect of the inferior for the superior, the unthinking response of the true and faithful and rather stupid servant, who shall not be without his reward, once the officials of the company can satisfy a mob of exigent stock-

holders and really afford to act benevolently towards these men with the gold bands on their sleeves. In ordinary life Mr. Shonts does not expect loyalty of the seller to the buyer or of the lessor to the lessee. He asks merely for fair dealing and common honesty between any two parties to a contract, and he does not demand that a bargainer sacrifice his interest out of loyalty to the party of the second part. Why, then, does he ask loyalty of the motorman or conductor, who gets more or less from his contract in proportion to his bargaining power, and who usually gets less because he is forced to bargain alone?

At first glance one might believe that Mr. Shonts and his fellow officials were merely hypocritical in assuming that their employees were loyal. They might easily have learned, if they did not already know, that wages on their lines were far below those in other cities and absurdly inadequate to the maintenance of a decent standard of living in New York. They might also have learned that men were kept uselessly and without pay about car barns; were liable at any moment to be forced to work overtime—without excess pay—and were subject to immediate discharge and with no real opportunity for the hearing and redress of their grievances. The men could not possibly be loyal to a President Shonts whom they had never seen, or to the "alien" company directors from Boston, who took efficient charge of the interests of New England stockholders, or to the company itself, over the management of which they had not the slightest control. A man who holds his job on sufferance, who may be dismissed with short notice or none, may be held to a company by interest or fear but never by a more generous emotion.

Most men, however, are not hypocritical, but actually believe the absurdities it is to their interest to believe. Even the best employer, who is far more considerate of his workers than Mr. Shonts thus far has been, usually shares this illusion of loyalty. He does not understand how a man can work year after year in one shop without succumbing to a feeling of loyalty akin to that which one feels for his birth-place, city, state, nation or king. The employer himself often gives to his business a devotion far transcending any hope of profits. His business is for him a means of self-realization. He does not conceive that the wage-earner does not feel an equal interest.

With this conception of loyalty to the business is associated the allied conception of personal loyalty to the leader. In his more sentimental moods the good-natured employer looks upon himself not as one who gets labor as cheap as the market permits, but as the foremost among a number of workers associated in the "happy family"

of industry. The employer is the captain, bread-giver and benefactor of these lesser men. He is conscious of excellent intentions and of many positive benefits conferred upon individual workers. For men to desert him after years of such latent or active benevolence and to follow the leadership of some "cheap" labor agitator from a distant city seems the blackest ingratitude and disloyalty.

This instinctive indignation against outsiders is rather crudely expressed by the President of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company in a printed appeal to his "Friends and Co-workers" in the railway. He fears that the "handful of men from other cities"—the officers of the Union—will not only be disturbers of the industrial peace but will seek to impose upon us, in the place of our former "mutual confidence in intention and fellowship in performance," "a condition either of armed neutrality or of war between officers and men," thus creating "a barrier of suspicion and the cold atmosphere of bargain." In fixing wages, hours and conditions, in determining, in other words, the basic facts of the workman's life, the company will have to meet the suspicions of the bargainer instead of relying upon a grateful loyalty based on the workers' belief that the employers will deal with them justly.

But if this is loyalty, then the less we have of it the better. What it means is complete surrender, for the wage-earner who does not pursue his interest loses his interest. Fairness to the employer, a decent human attitude towards him, a reasonable regard for his interests, are all the personal loyalty that may be asked of the workman. More than this is abjectness and sycophancy. The problem of loyalty towards the business enterprise as such is more complicated. Here there lies a certain common interest, underlying the sharply opposed interests of employers and employees. Every business is in this not too remote sense a joint enterprise. To be loyal to such a business, however, and to be able to perceive this ultimate common interest, the wage-earner must first be secure in his special immediate interest. If he has not the power to protect his wages and working conditions—and without organization he has not this power—he is likely to regard the business merely as a temporary means of making money.

The truth is that the old conditions, making for a loyalty of the worker to his work, trade and employer are passing. The personal relationship in industry is fading; the tenure of a job is becoming weaker; the pride in individual work is vanishing as division and standardization of labor advance. Finally the old conservative routine and custom, which formerly made the son work at his father's task for his father's employer is gone forever. All

these developments weaken the employee's loyalty. Unable to bargain alone, the wage-earner realizes that he must be loyal only to his fellow workers, whether in his own or in distant cities, even if this new loyalty alienates him from his employer and introduces "a barrier of suspicion."

In the main this loyalty of the worker to the men of his craft, industry or class is the chief tool with which we must work, so long as wage-earners are as defenseless and insecure as they are to-day and industrial conditions as anarchical. In better circumstances we might find a higher loyalty. The scientists employed by the United States government are supremely loyal to their service and their science. The teaching staffs of universities and of many schools bring to their work a devotion which is not subordinate to the desire to make more money or to work fewer hours. In all these instances there is pride in the work and a chance for useful labor and sometimes for signal recognition.

The problem to-day is to create among wage-earners a new loyalty, a new sense of identification with their work similar to that which we find among certain groups of professional workers. Such a sentiment cannot be created, however, without giving the worker a dignified position in the industrial world, decent wages, reasonable hours, a secure tenure of position, a chance for self-expression and initiative, and a real share in the direction of the enterprise. None of these basic conditions can be obtained by the worker bargaining individually, but only through the action of a powerful union, opposed to the employer in all controversies over the division of the product, but united with him in the effort to advance the industry as a whole. Loyalty to a union deserving of loyalty is thus a condition precedent to any real loyalty of the worker to his trade.

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The Italian Success

THE principal interest in the capture of the Gorizia bridgehead is not the extent of the Italian victory but the fact that they have at last achieved any considerable victory at all. For this is the first time that the Italians have made a dent in the Austrian lines; and that fact shows that the Austrians are weakening. Day by day signs multiply which indicate that the Austrian defense is crumbling in every theatre of the war.

Times are changing fast. A year ago Austrian troops under General Boroevic held the Italians safe on the Isonzo line, while other Austrian troops drove the Russians victoriously before them. To-day both Russians and Italians are advancing. Nor can the Germans any longer bring the much needed aid; they are elsewhere heavily engaged themselves. If the Germans can beat the Russians, they used to say in Berlin, and if the Russians can beat the Austrians, and if the Austrians can beat the Italians, what would the Germans do to the Italians? The hope of that campaign is a vanished hope to-day.

When the Italians entered the war in the spring of 1915, it was the plan of General Cadorna and of the Salandra cabinet to occupy certain points of support in the Trentino, meanwhile launching an offensive against the Isonzo. The plan was reasonable, but the offensive broke down before the resistance of Boroevic's Dalmatian and Croatian troops, being successful only in that it held those troops away from the eastern theatre of war. In the Trentino meanwhile little activity was visible.

Throughout the summer and autumn of 1915 first the Russians, then the Serbians were beaten. At the conclusion of the campaign the Germans declared and believed that the Russians were finished in so far as an offensive was concerned. Realizing that further success would, however, be limited, costly and unfruitful, they let it be known that they would consider proposals of peace. To this the Allies paid no attention at all.

A plan for 1916 was therefore made, a plan which is sufficiently plain in its failure to-day. The project was to hold the Russians while breaking down French resistance at Verdun, and while the Austrians in their turn took the offensive against Italy. It is with this offensive that I wish to deal.

The offensive against Italy was undoubtedly an Austrian idea. Desire for revenge against their most despised and hated enemy entered into the making of the plan, but it appeared promising also from a political and military point of view.

General Koevess's armies were therefore withdrawn from Albania, Macedonia and Galicia, re-assembled and trickled down to the Trentino front, battalion by battalion. For it was found possible in this mountainous region to effect a concentration of 400,000 troops unknown to the enemy. Aircraft scout only at a great disadvantage among the Alpine heights, and the Italian positions were not secure from a determined massed attack. The attack, when it came, was successful.

Cadorna withdrew to the plains, where he could utilize his reserves. But the Salandra Government fell before the combined attacks of the Socialists and the party of Giolitti. Both military and political objectives seemed on their way to fulfillment by Austria.

Then the Russians struck the whole Austrian line from the Pripet marshes to the Rumanian border. Linsingen was driven back, Pflanzer smashed south of the Dniester. Austrian resistance practically ceased to exist.

An immediate change of plan became necessary, and the new plan adopted was the old plan of 1915. Linsingen, aided by fresh German troops, was to take the offensive against Lutsk and recapture it. Koevess was to discontinue the offensive against Venetia, reëntain his armies and reinforce the beaten Pflanzer. Meanwhile Dankl and Boroevic were to hold the Italians as before.

Now at last Boroevic has given ground at the Gorizia bridgehead, Monte Zabolino and Monte San Michele are in Italian hands at last. After fifteen months of fighting the thinned Isonzo line frays and snaps. There also are reinforcements needed, but from where will they come?

From the interior? Months ago Austrian conscription took all males from 17 to 52. From Dankl in the Trentino? Dankl has but few troops. From Macedonia? From Albania? There again only Bulgarians are to be found, Bulgarians who are watching Salonika and the Rumanian border. No doubt a few garrisons near Durazzo might be depleted, but to what avail?

Koevess has gone to the aid of Pflanzer. Count Bothmer, the Bavarian, pressed hard in the Buczacz salient, cannot spare a man from the defense of Lemberg. Further north, Linsingen's combined armies (now under Hindenburg) are as heavily engaged as Pflanzer, Koevess or Bothmer. One Austrian corps is (or was) helping to defend Baranovitshi under Prince Leopold of Bavaria, but that corps is under attack as well.

The truth is that Austria cannot hold out much longer. Her enemies are beginning to sift through on both sides. Little or no assistance can be expected from the Bulgarians and from the Turks. It is only from Germany that help can come.

Now the Germans have a question to decide. Shall they let their allies go, and see Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria beaten into subjection one by one—and that soon—keeping their own forces for a back-against-the-wall fight the like of which the world has never seen? or shall they thin out their

own lines until the danger threatens them that they too may snap, and all the Teutonic powers go down together in one great catastrophe?

What the Germans will do cannot be prophesied. But what is plain to any neutral is that the whole fabric of Austrian resistance is beginning to give way.

For when the Italians begin to win, when they begin to take strongholds after fifteen months resistance and prisoners by the ten thousand, the end cannot be far away.

GERALD MORGAN.

In Contempt of Ireland

BETWEEN liberal groups there is always the possibility of adjustment. This holds true of Ireland and England, even at the present time. There is no intrinsic reason why, under a proper constitution, a rational and generous spirit cannot exist between the two neighboring democracies, and a loyalty be aroused all through Ireland toward other members of the British communion. This condition is compatible with Irish nationality. It is in many ways desirable. But there is one barrier to it much more insuperable than that raised by rebellion in Ireland; it is the existence in England and Ireland of officials and publicists recruited from a bigoted, vindictive and selfish upper class. Such a class has gone far in England itself to hamper so-called social policies. In Ireland its anti-democratic prejudice unites with its bitter race prejudice to perpetuate the Irish problem. It is quite clear that the English Liberals have long desired a *rapprochement*, and the majority of Irishmen reciprocate. One expression of that desire is home rule. But there are many well placed Englishmen and Anglo-Irishmen who do not for a second believe that the Irish are part of the imperial community except technically. They have precisely the same attitude towards Irishmen as the Russians have toward the Finns or the Germans toward the Poles. Outwardly, of course, they claim from Irishmen a complete allegiance to the empire. They hold up conscription, for example, as a duty. But underneath they do not expect allegiance except as a result of fear. And they continually urge in private a militaristic government for Ireland and assert that the Irish can only be held by a constant display of force.

These sound like wild accusations. They are based chiefly on the utterances of British officials themselves. In the Report of the Royal Commission on the Rebellion in Ireland, to hark back only

to May, 1916, there is a really handsome collection of such utterances. No one should miss them who supposes for a moment that English officialdom regards Ireland as other than a partially conquered land.

Before the war there was proportionately less serious crime in Ireland than in England. "For the ordinary maintenance of law and order," however, there were proportionately twice as many police. And the Irish police throughout the country, numbering 12,000, "are armed with carbines and taught to shoot." They are aptly defined by the Report as a quasi-military force. Their real purpose, of course, is to garrison the Irish. One of the pleasant functions of the Inspector-General's office is to supply the Chief Secretary, always an Englishman, with a ready-reference-psychology of the Irish people. Thus in June, 1914, a report read: "Obedience to law has never been a prominent characteristic of the people. In times of passion or excitement the law has only been maintained by force, and this has been rendered practicable owing to the want of cohesion among the crowds hostile to the police. If the people become armed and drilled effective police control will vanish."

In July, 1914, a subordinate Dublin police official called out the military to aid him in stopping gun-running. The military returned from their expedition through crowded slums, were stoned, retorted by shooting into the mob, killed four onlookers and wounded over sixty. The police official, Mr. Harrel, resigned. What does His Majesty's Royal Commission say? "The resignation of Mr. Harrel was looked upon by the public in Dublin as tantamount to dismissal. . . . There can be no doubt that his dismissal [sic] tended to weaken the authority of the police, as it gave rise to the opinion amongst the more

ignorant classes that in any case of disorder the Government might not support their action." The inference, plainly, is that police officials must resign only when the more ignorant classes disapprove. In other words, they must never resign.

The Irish people "are easily led, and it is the more incumbent on government to nip lawlessness and disorder in the bud." This is the *obiter dictum* of another eager police official. So contagious is the habit of generalizing about the Irish that the Commissioners themselves indulge in it before they finish. "Irishmen no doubt appreciate the maintenance of order, but they appear to have an inveterate prejudice against the punishment of disorder." This wholesale indictment of Irishmen is not important so much for what it says as for the superciliousness and detachment it indicates. It is the tone that people adopt in writing of West Africans or Uintah Utes.

Additional light on Irishmen is shed in the recent House of Lords debates, but perhaps a more instructive contribution is to be found in the July *Quarterly Review*. Late in 1914 that eminent periodical gave great praise to John Redmond for his patriotic speech at the outbreak of the war. Now it seems it was merely "a masterpiece of ingenuity." "He cleverly steered a middle course." He and his colleagues, it appears, long foresaw the probability of a war between England and Germany "and formed their plans accordingly." And he was not really sincere about recruiting. The Catholic Irish have not loyally volunteered. "There have been certain points of resemblance between nearly all Irish Rebellions. Hatred not only of England, but of every sort of government, the love of excitement, class jealousies and personal feuds, the romantic ideas of a few dreamy enthusiasts, who do not know exactly what they want, and the poverty of a much larger number whose one object is gain—these have usually been amongst the causes which have brought rebellion about." On these lines of native guilt the *Quarterly* quite blandly examines the present rebellion, and then concludes: "It has over and over again occurred in Ireland that what peaceful agitation could not win has been conceded to violence and crime; but never has the pernicious lesson been more flagrantly impressed on the national mind than on the present occasion." This is immoral. Therefore let the government boldly state that "the only course open to them is to continue a firm government." "The whole country, if not actually seething with revolt, is agitated and expectant. Is it not the height of folly to hand over the government of three-fourths of Ireland to a population in this state of mind?"

It is important to remember, of course, that there are 3,000,000 Nationalists in Ireland, while the

Dublin rebels numbered 3,000. A total of 13,500 Sinn Feiners were estimated in the country, armed with some 2,500 rifles. The presence of 40,000 British troops in Ireland, and the suspension of civil law may account for the unrest subsequent to the rebellion even more than the rebellion itself. It is worth noting, by the way, that the military conduct of the rebels is now generally asserted to have been shocking. Mr. James F. Muirhead in the *New York Nation* for August 10th gives a "long and sickening list" of outrages attributed to the rebels. They consist mainly of the killing of unarmed soldiers and civilians. Mr. Muirhead fails utterly, however, to note the murders ascribed to the British forces, inquiry into which was deemed too difficult by the government. John Dillon mentioned twenty-four men and women killed for sniping in North King Street. "I myself," he said, "have gone through these houses and questioned the people, and I have seen evidence of the most shocking cold-blooded murders, which cannot be justified by any amount of excitement." Mr. Muirhead's letter was despatched, it must be remarked, before Mr. Dillon's extended narrative in the House of Commons, though not before the killing of non-combatants by the soldiers was mentioned.

It is quite natural for Englishmen to desire Irish loyalty during this war, and to punish disloyalty. But war or no war there is a limit to what Irishmen can or ought to stand. Americans often ask: What grievances have Irishmen to-day? These instances tell them. How would Americans feel if, because they loved their country and showed their love for it, they were hounded by armed police and traduced by officials and stigmatized by cads in a House of Lords as lawless, treacherous, untrustworthy, crafty and sordid? The Irish have been extraordinarily patient under British rule. They have long suffered at the hands of England these mean and multiple infamies; more callous, more sustained, more fundamental, than any which Austria threatened to Serbia. In the face of such infamies continually visited on its weakness, Ireland has seldom even revolted. It has aimed to endure. But endurance is not forever. There would be no manhood in Ireland if there could be no rebellion in Ireland: it is to the undying glory of Irishmen that in a state made so servile many still can choose death rather than such subjection.

The hope in the Irish situation is definitely proportioned to the liberalism in the British situation. There is no hope from the Tory English, their garrison in Ireland or their militarist philosophy. They counsel distrusting, coercing and repressing the Irish. They make disloyalty to Britain the proof of Irish self-respect.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

Realism as Confession

GOOD people who read books only for entertainment because there is so much sorrow and pain in real life know the difference between romance and realism. Romance, they will tell you, shows life as we should like it; realism shows life as it is. And they see no obligation to nourish their fancy on the tedium and petty tragedy we know already well enough. Why should they? If you tell them it is cowardly to use literature as an escape from life, they will not understand you. Is not the imagination too an engine of living? Their honest preference is respectable, and we must like them for it. Yet there is something cleansing about the mood whose enthusiasm for reality leads a man to look the world in the face and explore every cranny of it. He scorns the fairy tales with which people have put themselves to sleep, and comes back, so he thinks, with actuality between his two covers. Here, he says, is a challenge for you, stuff worth a virile imagination. Here is a real adventure. Do you dare to see human experience as it is, through and through as I have seen it? Can you bear the mysteries and joys and comic bitterness of life as it is lived? This man, too, it would seem base not to honor.

Certain critics who do not like him have cleverly outflanked him. Reality, they say—what is reality? Is not reality in the heart of man as well as in his experience? Are not the intuitions of a fairy tale more real than the accuracies of your realism? You who pretend to reproduce the world—do you defend the worth of a photograph? But you cannot even make a photograph. You cannot give us the whole of reality. Like every artist you must select and emphasize, and if you select the sordid and unpleasant it must be because you yourself are sordid and unpleasant. With such a subjective metaphysics the realist is confounded. Yet these critics are not so honest as the good people whose taste they espouse. They do not understand what they have proved. They defend themselves against the asserted superiority of realism by saying that after all realism is the same thing as romance, and then they bolster up romance by saying that it is superior to realism.

How is realism like romance, and how is it different? To pursue the question among the will o' the wisps of metaphysical reality is to lose it altogether. We must abandon the conceptions in which the discussion has been begun, and look into motives. Both romanticists and realists may have deeper impulses than the ones they consciously avow.

The world of romance is the dream world in which the child finds his fairy tale. Cinderella

sees her pumpkin made a coach and captures her prince; no other foot but hers is small enough to fit the glass slipper. Jack climbs his beanstalk out of sight into the sky and kills his ogre. Here the things happen which cannot happen while Cinderella has to tend the kitchen stove and Jack weeds the garden. The deep instinctive wishes of mankind, frustrated and suppressed by what we call the real world, have been stored up for this. Given their chance, they cloud forth and fill the consciousness, create their own world in which the personality may find its destiny and assert its importance. It was thus that romance came to be, and thus it lives. In it we can learn symbolically what sort of things men want and what things they do not get. Even the ruthless villain, absurd and black-mustached, in the newspaper novel which the sophisticated affect to despise, may satisfy some deeply buried instinct of cruelty in the tender-hearted girl. For here too we can express under disguises the instincts our moral code—arising out of the outside world—has taught us to deny, and we gain a vicarious victory over them even while we enjoy them. Romances are written and read not because they are either true or untrue, but because regardless of actuality they give relief to the unused emotional pressure of our hearts.

But to a healthy mind the dream world sometimes palls. A person who lives in it all the time is called insane. There are to be sure no happier people than many of those to whom a dream world seems always real; yet there is an instinct deeper than the instinct to be so happy. It is the desire to be a protagonist in a solid world. We must exist in the center of something which is not ourselves; we must reach out and touch it; we hope in the end to rule it. The subterfuge of the fairy tale becomes too easy a victory. And yet the external world is too much for most of us. What power we gain over it does not satisfy us; our desires are again and again forced back upon ourselves. If we grow as individuals we become more and more conscious of the solid world's existence, of the dream world's non-existence. It is harder to imagine ourselves as protagonists—either outside of romance or in it. And as we grow, so grows the race. Star by star, element by element, equation by equation, custom by custom, the outside world broadens before us; while our ancient fables shrink from truth to myth, our ancient gods become fetiches. What then? Must we vibrate between our failures in actuality and the futility of our dreams, our fairy tales, our religions? Must our desires die between the blind walls of what is and what is not?

It is this dilemma that the realist feels when he calls us to face the world of living. The contra-

diction has become too strong for him; the more he dreams, the more his wishes seek their goal outside of dreams. Though he can see clearly that outside of dreams few Cinderellas achieve anything more magic than stout walking-boots, yet he bids us accept the hard road and forget the pumpkin coaches and glass slippers. Away with this romantic evasion. He will pour his ardor into such experiences as do or could exist. He will find his significance through them.

The realist may say he is writing from simple love of life, or love of truth, or pagan acceptance of things as they are, or protest against them. We may say we read him simply out of curiosity, or to broaden our own imaginative experience. Yet there is a motive below all this. The instinct that leads us to realism is the same that led us before to romance. It is true, as the critics say, that the realist cannot give us a coldly accurate photograph of the real world, and that if he could it would be worthless. What he gives us is a passionate recognition. As in romance, he imagines himself a protagonist—but his imagination has such a hold on the solid world that he must be a protagonist among things as they are. If the outcome must be a failure, then he will admit it. He acknowledges that our lives are drab and ordinary, that we are futile,

that our highest desires dwindle, that we suffer and are lost. The effect is that of a confession. We are restored once more to importance, we regain our self-esteem, since we are placed again at the dramatic center. As a penitent confesses sin, so we confess futility and failure, and are rid of our inner conflict. We are relieved of the weight of our desire, we are purged as though we had lived the life of a hero. The realist shows us what the world does—perhaps the worst it can do—and we are here to admit it and to go on. Life has been dramatized around us. In a man who can feel that, there is more hope than in one who shuts his eyes to everything except the assuaging of his desire.

It is profoundly true that realism has come to the modern world in response to the same need that brought tragedy to the ancients—more true than those critics understood who first compared "Ghosts" with "Oedipos the King." The Greeks saw man arrayed against fate and dramatized his importance even in defeat; we have learned to see necessity not as a god but as a network of things. To confess man as he is in the midst of reality—this is the way we have instinctively found to purge ourselves of insatiable longings, to triumph over the weakness and instability of what we can do.

GEORGE SOULE.

When the Augurs Yawned

BEING now an old man, and unlikely to live much longer in this world, I think fit to set down before I die certain things which took place forty years ago, in the autumn of 1916, and of which I am the only surviving witness.

My readers may recall that year, by the help of any standard work of reference, as the date of a presidential election in this country, the candidates being a Mr. Wilson, the then incumbent, and a Mr. Hughes. Until the middle of October the campaign had been an affair of good average momentousness. Each candidate had been trotting with great decency round and round his appointed track. Mr. Wilson's gait was fluent and graceful. Mr. Hughes moved more stiffly and brought his feet down a little harder.

At that time, long before the pure candidate law was enacted or even thought of, any candidate was legally free to say that he contained nothing but undiluted Americanism, and each did say so several times. By October such assertions had ceased to thrill and astonish the electorate. I would not, however, wish to convey the impression that the campaign consisted exclusively of repetitions of

their faith in Americanism by Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson. Mr. Hughes was fond of exciting his hearers by telling them it was not good for a government to vacillate in its policy, and that it was good for a government both in policy and administration to be adequate, consistent and firm. Mr. Wilson was fond of promising that he would omit no word, and it was currently believed that among the words he was least in danger of omitting were humanity, justice, sacred, solemn and very.

Well, the campaign ran along, not very fast, until about the middle of October, when something happened which convinced everybody that each of the two candidates had gone clean off his head.

Mr. Wilson, in a speech delivered at—the name of the town escapes me, but it was within a day's journey of the Mississippi River—Mr. Wilson up and admitted that his administration had made a mistake or two. To be specific, says he, *I* have made mistakes. To be more specific, he says, after I saw that ad that the German Embassy put in the papers, I wish I had held the Lusitania at her pier until I had asked the German Embassy what about it. To keep on being specific, he says, I now think

that piece I spoke about being too proud to fight was in the circumstances a damned silly thing to say. I ought to have known how people would take it. This is wisdom after the event, if you like, but it is better to be wise after the event than to be foolish all the time.

This was bad enough, of course. No candidate in the United States, since the time when Endicott Winthrop Adams first ran for reelection as hog-reeve in the suburbs of Plymouth, Mass., had ever admitted that he did wrong. And this was only half the scandal. On the very night when Mr. Wilson touched off this bomb, Mr. Hughes, speaking at another town within a day's journey of the Mississippi, up and admits that Mr. Wilson since he took office had once or twice spoken and acted like a grown man in his right mind. And anyhow, Mr. Hughes says in substance, the President has had one hell of a problem on his hands. "I am not prepared to deny," he says in substance and in part, "that if Mr. Wilson had done just after the Lusitania what he did just after the Sussex, and if the result had been a state of war between us and Germany, I am, I say, in a condition of unpreparedness to deny that the great undiluted mass of the American people, barring a few Easterners who live near the effete, patrician sea-coast, might not have liked it so well as they like what has actually occurred. Peace with honor was the first demand of the great American nation, but most of us, if we couldn't have peace with honor, were willing to compromise on peace with Germany."

Men who are still alive remember the pandemonium or row that came next. The campaign stopped as if it had been shot. For twenty-four hours the candidates could not move hand, foot or eyelid. They had to be dug out of the landslide of protesting telegrams with steam-shovels.

These telegrams taught Mr. Hughes and Mr. Wilson a thing or two. From that momentous moment neither of them had a good word for the other. Each candidate did his duty in that station of life into which it had pleased his convention to call him. Each said just what he ought to say, which was what everybody knew he would say and had said before.

This ancient history is old. The ancient history I am now about to reveal is new.

Perhaps you noticed that Mr. Hughes made his break within a day's journey of the Mississippi, and Mr. Wilson the same, but you did not notice, because I did not tell you, that these two towns were the same distance from the same place on the Mississippi, viz.: Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. I know, for I had a shack on an island half way between Prairie du Chien and the town coast over opposite.

Well, about a week before the big scandal I heard a motorboat ticking toward my island, with me alone on it, and I went down to the shore, where two gentlemen were disembarking. "Mr. Paley," says one of them, "meet Mr. Herbert Parsons, if I have the name right," and then the other says, "Mr. Paley, I don't think you've met Colonel House." And then the two of them, as we walked up to my place, said could they have the loan of my shack one night next week for a great public purpose?

What purpose? says I, and then it all came out. The campaign was slowing up, and these two had got together and decided that if the candidates could meet secretly, face to face, and properly dislike each other's faces, the words they would afterward say would put life and speed and ginger into the campaign. So I named my price for the loan of the shack and the thing was fixed up.

At length the fatal night arrived. First a boat came over from the Iowa shore, grated on the gravel beach, and out stepped Mr. Wilson. Then came a boat from the Wisconsin shore, grated, etc., and out got Mr. Hughes, with an American flag in the buttonhole of his cutaway. He carried no other weapons. Neither did Mr. Wilson.

The boatmen stayed by their respective boats, and the candidates met in the main hall of the shack, fourteen by twelve. I withdrew to an adjoining room and listened through the wall and looked.

Mr. Wilson led off. "I see," he says to Mr. Hughes, after smiling once at him, "that you are wearing a little flag of the Union in your buttonhole, and I can only ask you, if you lose this little physical emblem, to be sure that you wear it in your heart, that the heart of America shall interpret the heart of the world."

Mr. Hughes looked a little surprised, but he was at no loss for for an answer. "We want America first in the mind and heart of every one in this land," he says. "When I say I am an American citizen I ought to say the proudest thing that any man can say in this world. There is one other thought I want to leave with you, and it is this: We are going to see that that is done which we are entitled to have done. There is one other thought I want to leave with you until called for, and it is this. Wherever"—and he glanced reverently down at his buttonhole—"wherever there is an American flag there is a shrine."

Mr. Wilson followed the direction of Mr. Hughes's eyes. "When I think of the flag," says he, "it seems to me I see alternate stripes of parchment on which are written the rights of liberty and justice, and stripes of blood spilt to vindicate those rights."

"I dare say," says Mr. Hughes, "but I want to

see splendid policies in this country. There is no such thing as prosperity or success for any particular class. We are not laborers or capitalists in this country. Fellow-citizen, we are fellow-citizens."

For about half an hour I looked and listened, and then voices, loud at first, got lower and lower. When silence fell I stole in to investigate. By saying to each other, the two of them in a room, the very things they had been saying at each other in public, each had put the other to sleep and it was my turn.

When at last the renewed sound of their voices woke me up again I couldn't quite catch their drift. The candidates seemed to have agreed that perhaps they were boring the voters, and that something must be done. If the words of each produced sleep in the other how could the voters be expected to stay awake? Then Mr. Wilson said something about augurs who laughed being better than augurs

who yawned and were the cause of yawning. Suddenly both men jumped up. A light played all over Mr. Wilson's face and over those parts of Mr. Hughes's where there was room. "Let's try saying what we think," they shouted together. "That'll shake 'em up." . . .

It did shake 'em up, as I have told you, and as the historians have recorded the scandal. From the row caused by Mr. Wilson's and Mr. Hughes's simultaneous bursts of candor, and from the things said in that row, I gathered at the time that if both kept on saying what they really thought neither of them could be elected. Nobody would have been elected President. Fortunately they stopped speaking their minds and somebody was elected, if I recollect rightly. But I am an old man, with an untrustworthy memory, so perhaps you had better consult a work of reference.

BEMIS J. PALEY.

The Feeble-Minded as Criminals

A PROPOS of the announcement that the Rockefeller Foundation is about to finance a project by which all the inmates of Sing Sing are to receive psychological examinations to determine their mental status—a step which must be hailed as a most decided advance in the study of the criminal mind—it is interesting to recall the unusual experiment along similar lines which was conducted at Police Headquarters in New York City for a six months' period beginning January 1st, 1916.

Upon the invitation of Police Commissioner Arthur Woods the writer first made a series of preliminary experiments. It was estimated roughly that of the daily arrests in Greater New York—which average about 600—approximately five per cent were suffering from some form of mental abnormality which rendered them to some degree irresponsible for the crimes with which they were charged. On the basis of these findings a psychopathic laboratory was installed at the police headquarters' buildings, a psychiatrist was appointed director, a psychologist was engaged to perform mental tests, and a special investigator was added to make careful study of the environmental conditions and heredity of any particular prisoner under examination.

Each morning the director picked from the daily "line-up," to which all felons and persons with previous records are sent, those individuals who seemed to be either mentally deranged or feeble-minded, and each of these persons was given certain psychological tests together with other mental

tests and a physical examination. Of the tests available only those were selected which seemed to fit the individual case best. Both tests involving language and tests involving motor manipulation were used; among these may be mentioned the Binet-Simon test, the Stanford revision of the Binet test, part-whole tests, mixed relationship test, mirror drawing test, opposites test, various memory, attention and association tests, also the Healy-Fernald formboard, the Knox moron and cube tests, as well as other mechanical devices. If a prisoner failed on this, that, or the other test, it did not necessarily follow that he was feeble-minded or insane—on the contrary many psychological procedures were employed with the purpose of eliminating as much as possible the danger of faulty diagnosis. Wherever there was any doubt as to the exact diagnosis no recommendations were made, but in cases where the scientific evidence was clear, a report was sent to the presiding judge which contained in more or less detail a summary of the mental and physical examination together with suggestions as to the proper treatment of the offender.

It was found that about half of the persons examined showed marked symptoms indicative of an enfeebled mentality or a diseased mind and, in addition, there were many whose judgment, reasoning, memory, and the other higher mental faculties that make for good citizenship, were affected to such a degree by the use of habit-forming drugs, alcohol, or the results of venereal disease, that efforts at reform would surely be fruitless unless the

subjects were placed in special institutions and given individual care and medical attention. It must be remembered that this fifty per cent does not represent the proportion of mentally irresponsible persons who pass through the hands of the police each day, for only those persons were examined who showed either suspicious symptoms or whose offense was of unusual nature. This classification was necessarily selective. Not only were cases chosen from the "line-up," but desk lieutenants also sent prisoners to the laboratory whenever there was any suspicion that mental abnormality might be present. In addition, city magistrates and the judges of the courts of special and general sessions referred cases, as did likewise the Commissioner of Corrections and the parole board.

Statistics gathered by the psychopathic laboratory concerning 450 cases are as follows:

DIAGNOSIS OF CASES EXAMINED

Normal	205
Feeble-minded	74
Insane	62
Psychic constitutional inferiority.....	47
Syphilis	21
Drug addiction.....	11
Chronic alcoholism.....	8
Sexual "degenerates".....	11
Epilepsy	6
Functional nervous diseases.....	4
Tuberculosis (pulmonary).....	1
Total.....	450

DISPOSITION OF CASES

Committed to institution by Courts.....	31
Committed to institution by Laboratory.....	22
Taken into custody by their people.....	14
Discharged by the Courts.....	101
Sentence suspended by the Courts.....	24
Committed to penal institutions by the Courts...	119
Fined by the Courts.....	5
Reprimanded by the Courts.....	1
Deported by the Courts.....	1
Delivered to other authorities.....	5
Segregated by Department of Corrections.....	24
Sent for examination by Courts and other agencies	19
Awaiting disposition.....	84
Total.....	450

Heretofore in the United States examinations of inmates have been made in a number of reformatories and prisons; and estimates of the feeble-minded or insane population have ranged all the way from ten to eighty per cent. There is absolutely no doubt that a certain proportion of all criminals are definitely feeble-minded or irrational, and placing these individuals in prisons neither protects society nor does it benefit the offender. A feeble-minded individual can never be made normal and, especially if he displays criminal tendencies, he should be placed for life in an institution where he

can be given work suitable to his capacity and be made as happy and as useful as possible. So far as the insane and those addicted to habit-forming drugs and alcoholism, are concerned, these individuals should be given proper treatment in hospitals maintained for this purpose. At the present time the law recognizes the normal criminal and the one who is insane, but absolutely no provision is made for feeble-minded criminals. The latter are now mingled with the ordinary prison population. An institution for such individuals is an urgent need.

All crime involves some thinking process, and every individual's responsibility should be evaluated through psychological procedures the very first time he falls into the hands of the law. It is better to examine a prisoner before his case is tried in court than after he is convicted. There are hundreds of individuals whose abnormality is on the border-line and many of these pass through the courts and are sentenced for prison terms.

At present only a small beginning has been made in this important field of science, but the work has already progressed beyond the realm of the theoretical, and the practical application to which psychology can be put has been definitely proved. Nowadays, we are throwing our feeble-minded and insane into prisons and subjecting them to a routine which leaves them no better when discharged—perhaps even worse. Individuals of this type cannot be reformed, and we keep on arresting them, imprisoning them, and rearresting them all over again, never considering the waste of time and money which results from such a short-sighted policy.

LOUIS E. BISCH.

CORRESPONDENCE

What Intervention Means

SIR: It is disheartening to see THE NEW REPUBLIC, a most enlightened and enlightening journal, still referring to armed intervention as a final necessity in the redemption of Mexico. Is it not plain that the idea of intervention, benevolent or brutal, immediate or ultimate, hoped or feared, is the main cause of Mexico's present troubles? We insist that Carranza should pacify Chihuahua while we make no effort to clarify El Paso, where half of Chihuahua's disorders have their origin.

Intervention is a many-sided word, with a different meaning at every angle. To thousands of good people, intervention stands for a firm display of purpose with a costly but altruistic repetition of our upbuilding of the Philippines—a last resort, but apparently inevitable.

If we come a little nearer, intervention means a long and bloody war, brought on through misunderstandings and intrigues, to end in annexation and utter confusion of our home politics for half a century.

To those interests in Mexico which have been built up in

good faith, intervention appears as some form of a settlement in which every man must take his chances. In general such interests dread war rather than welcome American control.

To certain vast interests represented inside and outside of Mexico, intervention appears as the last chance to get back the stranglehold on the national wealth—a hold more or less shaken by the Revolution.

To exploiters in general, and to their agents along the border, intervention has but one meaning: *Easy money*.

To the Mexican people, other than capitalists, landholders and clericals, intervention means conquest, absorption, loss of national existence, eternal hate.

To the friends of Mexico, intervention means further the blasting of the new life which is springing up in all the regions outside the mining states, with their distress of unemployment, and of the border states where disorder is fostered to provoke intervention.

The real obstacle to the re-birth of Mexico is not the temporary though terrible disorder due to the Revolution, but the sordid and chronic disorder due to *easy money*. Mexico is not so sick that she may not recover if the "Colossus of the North" will let her alone. And we can help Mexico to education, sanitation, order and justice, when we approach her as a friend, and not as a "Colossus."

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Palo Alto, California.

Twenty Questions

SIR: In your issue of July 22nd in "Beclouding the Minimum Wage," Professor Taussig is quoted to the effect that the minimum wage tends to reduce the number of individuals possible to employ, thus shifting the burden of unemployment upon the state. In reply Mr. Johnson theorizes that the minimum wage in some measure controls the labor supply, resulting in an economic adjustment. Both of the gentlemen are doubtless attempting to deduce economic laws; at least, such thoughts may entrain others.

However, the aftermath of legislation following the institution of laws in order to furnish a "living wage," may result in something else. What is a living wage? Has it an index, like Bradstreet's index to foods, to race it against commodity prices? Or are we to have "commissions" to continually fix such a wage, to the exclusion of the employer continuously? If the latter, will business ever be stable in private hands?

Has a wage a value? Is a wageworker a contractor for a job or is the employer a benevolent individual graciously granting the privilege of existence? If the latter, what would a commission be?

If only living wages are "*fixed*" in a commonwealth, will the result not be a pure division between patricians and plebeians in 2001? Has anybody ever heard of a saving wage? Is it fair to pay a single unattached man or woman on an equality with a man compelled by fortuitous circumstances to support five or six non-employable individuals? Should the basis of wage payments be the *value* of the worker to the employer or his *possible value* (possible because generally undetermined) as an integral part of the state? What is the proper basis for fixing wages anyway; who ever thought of more than one?

Some of the above questions may prove to be embarrassing. To arrive anywhere with the philosophy of the minimum wage appears to require a choice between ideals of

government, to the exclusion of any economic law. In other words, the adoption of the minimum wage must logically lead either to the regulation of price, profit, prince and pauper by an iron-handed bureaucracy or the adoption of Fabianism or Marxism. Either result will sacrifice the individual to the state. Economic liberty will be gone. Who will gain and who will lose? *Quien sabe?*

The Anglo-Saxon has long had the freedom of contract as an economic right; how far we can safely modify this right is the real objection to the minimum wage law. An uncharted bay requires good navigators. Let us avoid the rock of delusional democracy.

I hope you will discuss this subject in the future and from various viewpoints. It is the foundation of our future prosperity.

H. L. GAGE.

Spokane, Washington.

The Arthurian Ladies

SIR: An article entitled "The Feminist's Age," by Hester A. Hopkins, in the issue of July 22nd, has caused serious confusion in your correspondent's mind. One point seemed established by anti-suffragist and anti-feminist writers: That feminism must be to chivalry as weeds to a garden. Chivalry is a plant requiring careful cultivation, feminism is the noxious burdock which must be hoed away. But by that article it seems that the golden age of feminism was also the topmost height of chivalry.

Grave doubts arise. Ladies of the Arthurian age were guiltless of the vote. Can it be that their errant lives of mischief, crime, and necromancy were the logical outcome of their exercise of indirect influences unchecked by responsibility for their acts? If so, the soundness of the "indirect influence" principle must be questioned.

Perhaps, however, like so many other views concerning feminism, like the necromancy of King Arthur's day, like King Arthur himself and his Round Table, the article is just an entertaining fancy.

FRANCES W. WILE.

Rochester, New York.

Sizing Up Our Uncle

SIR: A Canadian cousin would like to express the heartiest concurrence with Mr. Johnson's estimate of "his Uncle."

We Canadians are not always as friendly to your Uncle as we should be. The practical effects of imperialism have been, not to widen national sympathies, but to make them narrow, exclusive, provincial; to impose upon Canadians many old-world quarrels and old-world prejudices. Of these, our present difficulties in Quebec are one result, a slighting attitude toward the United States another.

This unjustifiable attitude is of course intensified by the war. War, the last stronghold of the sentimentalist, prevents the expression of all reasonable or broad-minded views. It is true that the thoughtless among us have sneered that you held peace above honor. But why should the United States take part in a war in which they have not the remotest concern, on purely chivalrous grounds? Certainly such a step would constitute your Uncle a pioneer at that sort of thing; there is no European precedent for it.

There are, I hope, many of us who feel the deepest admiration for the generosity which your Uncle is displaying.

toward the victims of Prussianism; who realize that it may be quite as important, yes, and quite as chivalrous, to feed the Belgians as to fight for them, though the former may not make the same appeal to the popular imagination. We look with envy and with great hopes toward the one country which has almost outgrown the stupid tradition of war.

Only in one point do I disagree with the writer. Why wish that your Uncle's conduct were "correct"? How many of the really great have been "correct" in their behavior? No, for Heaven's sake, let him be himself, let him be *American*.

CANADIAN WOMAN.

Toronto, Canada.

American Journalism: A Query

SIR: Some days ago our city editor assigned me an elevator accident. The man was dying, and they had sent for his wife. I was to interview her as she went to her husband's bedside. So I kept her five minutes in front of the hospital while her husband's life was only a matter of minutes.

Another day I covered a divorce trial. There was the inevitable co-respondent. The evidence was rather ugly and the facts were of the sort heard in divorce court every day. Said the husband of the co-respondent, "If this stuff gets into print, I lose my job." He lost it.

On still another occasion I was sent out to "shadow" a negro who worked for the garbage department of the city. My findings, I was told, should prove that carelessness on the part of drivers of garbage wagons was responsible for an epidemic of infant paralysis. In that newspaper office the conclusion is the same as the assumption. Though the man I shadowed seemed to be an artist in his line, the paper proved that he wasn't. Perhaps he, too, lost his job. Nobody ever took the trouble to find out.

But now I'm looking for a job myself—at the editor's request. I have been out of college just six weeks. So I ask to know, Is this American journalism?

A. B.

The Honest Papers

SIR: I congratulate Mr. Harold Phelps Stokes on the nature of his newspaper experience. It has been a particularly fortunate one. Mr. Stokes said in his letter to *THE NEW REPUBLIC*, in which he denied his authorship of my letter entitled "In Defense of Reporters," he has worked on the *New York Evening Post* for the last five years. He has never been employed by any other newspaper. Writes Mr. Stokes: "I have worked . . . on almost every kind of assignment and in that time nobody has ever twisted my copy to any ulterior purpose, or asked me so to twist it."

Not on the *Post*. If I believed that there was no paper or class of papers in this country which held fast to ideals of truth and honor, I would immediately quit the newspaper game. It is because I do believe in the virtue of such splendid journals as the *Post*, the *Boston Transcript*, the *Christian Science Monitor* and the *Kansas City Star* that I remain a reporter. Though my editor calls these "the highbrow papers," I hope some day to be employed by one of them.

I reiterate the position I affirmed in my letter, "In Defense of Reporters," when I said that many newspapers

lie. From letters written by National Guardsmen at the front, I have corroborative evidence of this. Here is a sentence from the letter of one soldier:

"I have noticed that some papers"—only some, mark you—"are printing things that are untrue about us boys." Then he goes on to say that some of the newspapers have lied on the question of food. They have said that it is better than it is.

The following paragraph I take from the columns of one of the smaller and little known papers of the city. It is from the letter of a soldier to his mother:

"Saturday morning after it had rained in torrents all night, we proceeded to march on to a town called Hidalgo, about nine miles from Madero. In covering that nine miles, seven men fell from heat and exhaustion, our first sergeant was taken down with plural pneumonia and one man went insane. (These are gospel truths and the papers may say different, but they lie.)"

Is not this material for any person who may wish to prove that the press of our country (excepting the *Post* and its like) is a jingoistic and a lying press?

H. P. S.

New York City.

Hope for Labor Solidarity

SIR: Since most newspapers have ceased to be such, and have become propaganda sheets, I have adopted the plan of dispensing with them almost wholly by the use of publications giving a weekly digest of current events. By utilizing the time it takes to read the editorials and reading these publications one may not only receive intellectual refreshment, but avoid the painful experience of reading opinions written to conform to the business policies of newspaper owners.

Your editorial entitled, "Toward Labor's Power" in the issue of August 5th, was especially clever, yet I feel that you have treated your readers to a rather superficial analysis of the reasons for lack of solidarity among the working classes. Craft unions do divide the power of the working class and there still remain reasons for their continuance. As the machine process develops, however, it tends constantly to lessen the skill required among the artisan class of workers. Steam railroads soon will be operated by electric engines entirely, and these engines will in time require no more than the skill of a motorman to operate. The aristocracy of labor will, within a generation, find it decidedly advantageous to align itself with common unskilled labor. Perhaps it were better to say that it will find itself reduced to the status of common labor. There is a growing solidarity, however, even among the skilled craftsmen, who no longer "scab" on each other to the extent that they did at one time.

Anent the I. W. W., you say that to-day it is nothing but a tradition. The information upon which that statement is based was probably derived from the daily newspapers, who no longer give much space to the exploits of the "Wonder Workers of the World." The I. W. W. within the last three years has grown from an organization of about 8,000 dues-paying members to a membership of over 150,000. And you must remember that one I. W. W. can kick up more fuss in a given period of time, or within a given dimension, than a thousand conservative craft unionists.

J. STEPHEN DODD.

New York City.

Books and Things

SO far as I have noticed no church ever advertises for a refined pastor, no college for a refined president. It seems to be assumed that the refinement of college presidents and of pastors may be taken for granted. An assumption contrary to fact. We have all met once in a while a stray pastor whose table manners, for example, were too completely without fear to be equally without reproach. Most of us have run across college presidents whose refinement was not so salient as their aptitude for getting bequests. These exceptions are ignored in the advertising columns, where if we seek refinement we shall be most likely to find it in the rooming and boarding subdivision. A young man who is refined and occupied during the day desires a home in a family from which Southerners are excluded. Somebody who lets rooms to bachelors, and who does not realize how many men have been driven from their club by its fatal geniality, advertises "the genial atmosphere and spirit of a well-appointed club for men of refinement." If you spend much time over the advertising columns you end by believing that love of refinement is the ruling passion of the demanders and suppliers of board and lodging. Few other advertisers are ravaged by this passion, and some among them, notably the barkeepers, are never in the least affected by it. Barkeepers out of employment use adjectives freely. They describe themselves as quiet, respectable, neat, first-class, married, sober, honest, German, reliable, temperate, experienced, Irish, middle-aged, competent, active, capable, single. Barkeepers never call themselves refined. Yet I, for one, should be loath to deny them refinement.

"He never was a veterinary surgeon. He is a gentleman of education and refinement." These words occur in the defence made by Mr. Edwin F. Sweet, Acting Secretary of Commerce, of the appointment of Mr. E. Lester Jones as Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, to succeed Dr. O. H. Tittman, resigned. Perhaps you have already forgotten who had exasperated Mr. Sweet. The newspapers had made Mr. Hughes say, in his speech at Detroit: "We had in the Coast and Geodetic Survey an eminent scientist, a man who had won distinction in connection with his scientific work, a man of very eminent rank." Personally I don't believe Mr. Hughes said just this. It would be a good deal like saying: "An eminent surgeon, a man who had won distinction in connection with his surgical work," or "An eminent golfer, a man who had won distinction in connection with his work on the links." Vile phrases, don't you admit? Mr. Hughes likes the English language too well to waste after this fashion the often-wasted words "in connection with," which should be saved for use in such phrases as "An eminent tug, a boat that had won distinction in connection with a barge," or "An eminent tender, a piece of rolling-stock that had won distinction in connection with a locomotive." However, the newspapers did make Mr. Hughes lapse into this jargon, and they made him add that the eminent scientist "was displaced to make room for an excellent stock breeder and veterinary surgeon," namely, Mr. E. Lester Jones. Secretary Redfield says Mr. Jones has been "instilling new life into the service," which is exactly what you would expect from a really excellent stock breeder. A despatch to the *New York Times* says "That having engaged in stock breeding in Virginia, Mr. Jones had taken a course in veterinary surgery to make his management of the farm more efficient, and that he had writ-

ten prescriptions for and treated stock owned by his neighbors without charging them for the service." Much as Solomon might for efficiency's sake have taken a course in obstetrics, and might now and then, as a mark of friendship and without becoming a professional accoucheur, have put his knowledge and skill freely at the disposal of neighboring kings, in the absence of their family midwives.

"He never was a veterinary surgeon. He is a gentleman of education and refinement." Mr. Hughes had implied that veterinary surgery was not the best preparation for running the Coast and Geodetic Survey, but Mr. Sweet, Acting Secretary of Commerce, implies more, much more. He implies a permanent opposition between being a veterinary and being a gentleman, being educated, being refined. This brand of talk disaccords with the spirit of democracy. Not because we are afraid of seeing things as they are, but because we prefer to see them as they may be, do more and more of us year by year object to Mr. Sweet's way of putting things. Gossip fit for the servants' hall, a newspaper written by housemaids for housemaids, dressed like a waiter, the manners of the scullery—people shy away from such phrases, who a century ago might have used them with a clear conscience and a light heart. Being less robust and more tender-minded than our forefathers we look with eyes not quite so pitiless upon the disadvantages of poverty, upon the difficulties it piles up against the seeker after a good education and good manners. And perhaps, too—for I have lately "seen it stated" that every American is an idealist—words like Mr. Sweet's offend our idealism. True, the world is at present so badly ordered that few vets are either educated or refined or gentlemen. But wait a bit. The future cometh when no man must work all the time, and the future is our religion. Perhaps the day is at hand when the humblest vet in this fair country will be so highly educated that he will give his leisure to text criticism, so pure a gentleman that he will give his leisure to racquets, so refined that he will give his leisure to the works of Arthur Christopher Benson.

Even at present most veterinary surgeons may for all I know make some such use of their spare time. I cannot generalize from the solitary specimen with whom I have consorted. He had been studying our mare in her stall, and when he came out into the snow-covered stable yard he began to study me. Gently and with caution he made a suggestion which I swallowed. Then he made many suggestions. I swallowed all but the last, which was that I let him supply the mare with a gold tooth, and finish it off with some precious stone—I think a ruby. Even to me this remedy seemed unusual, but I should have adopted it, nevertheless, if my infant son, whose presence the vet must have forgotten, had not at this moment burst out laughing and begun to roll delightfully in the snow. But for this exhibition Muriel might even now, at pasture in her well-earned old age, have been sporting a ruby in an eighteen carat tooth. And yet, although I was at the moment acutely conscious that I was no veterinary surgeon, and just as acutely conscious of the same thing a few weeks later, when Muriel diagnosed her case by giving birth to a foal, none of my friends took advantage of either occasions to congratulate me upon my education. Perhaps, if I had had the honor of his acquaintance, a kind word about my refinement would have come from Mr. Sweet.

P. L.

James Whitcomb Riley

IN a delightful conversation quoted in an essay entitled "The Dusk of the Gods" in the current *Atlantic Monthly*, George Moore says, "If there be a future for the English language, which I doubt, it is in America. A great deal of your speech is Elizabethan, and what is not you have invented. You are still inventing a language, while we have stopped; we take what additions foreigners and our savage subjects supply us, but that is all. Perhaps in America another language will arrive, adapted to literary usage—out of slang, your dialects."

Appearing almost on the morrow of the death of our most accomplished singer of dialect lyrics, these penetrating words brought to mind one of the most beautiful endowments of James Whitcomb Riley.

Like "Uncle Remus" he was an inventor of language, and his unique singing speech has contributed to human expression. He brought words from life into letters. Familiar phrases which had vibrated as mere blatant discords at the touch of a lesser writer, were at the hands of his skill harmonies from the strings of his spirit's lute. He was a magician who could use terms such as "Looky there!" and "Lawzy!" in a manner that lent a biting reality to tragedy, and echoed in your memory like the tale of something an acquaintance has looked on in life.

"Pore folks lives at Lonesomeville
Lawzy! but they're pore!
Houses with no winders in,
And hardly any door:
Chimbley all tore down, and no
Smoke in that at all—
Ist a stovepipe through a hole
In the kitchen-wall!

Pump that's got no handle on;
And no woodshed—And *wooh!*
Mighty cold there, choppin' wood,
Like pore-folks has to do!
Winter-time, and snow and sleet
Ist fairly fit to kill!—
Hope to goodness *Santy Claus*
Goes to Lonesomeville!"

Music enters at the spaces left by all those hard g's and guttural word-endings he cuts out so gracefully. The reproduction of illiteracy is generally a mere verbatim copy of ignorances; but James Whitcomb Riley's reproduction is a subtle enhancement of the tone of the sound he modulates. I suppose no one will deny that "shadder" sounds longer and thinner and more alarming than "shadow" or that "saranade" has a more harmonic air than "serenade."

"And when the boys' u'd saranade, I've laid
so still in bed
I've even heard the locus'-blossoms droppin'
on the shed
When 'Lily Dale' er 'Hazel Dell,' had
sobbed and died away—

. . . I want to hear the *old* band play."

Besides the lovely musical web he wove of our unpromising middle-western colloquialisms, he has given an innumerable words of his own improvisation, as in "the kyouch

and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock" and the description of the boy standing up and driving, who

" — comes skallyhootin' through
Our alley, with one arm
A-wavin' Fare-ye-well to you —!"

Widely enjoyed and beloved, the poetry of James Whitcomb Riley will probably always in our lifetime encounter a species of objection in the minds of many Americans. His poetry sings. Its force is emotional. Its sincere charm is absolute, and depends not at all on being something like something else—on the audience's recollection of Greek verse, or familiarity with Japanese art, or impressionistic landscape. To the kind of reader for whom a recognizable, musical idea limits, instead of greatly liberating the communicative faculty of poetry, to the kind of reader who thinks of poetry as a species of mere tight-mouthed and cryptic prose, to the kind of reader who is worried by poets who will not give him, so to speak, any reliable library references for their inspiration—to such American readers as these James Whitcomb Riley's poetry must always seem all wrong and misguided. Anyone can understand his songs. People have always been cutting them out of the newspapers and reciting them at ice-cream sociables and church benefits. They are a part of the national consciousness. To Brahmins of poetry these are disquieting manifestations inclining them to the Brahminical error of supposing that poetry which is commonly understood and enjoyed cannot be supposed to be of beauty or value.

The reader of "A Small Boy and Others" will recall a charming passage descriptive of a relative of the James family who investigated an inherited estate in remote fastnesses of our land typified by Henry James as "The Beaver Kill." This large, humorous phrase seemed to indicate in Henry James absorbing recollections, all in our country that rose west of the Allegheny mountains, all that was not turned towards the East, just as in the American Indian phrase the words "High-Muck-a-Muck" denote all manner of persons of constituted authority among other races—expressions both of them fascinating to consider, defining as they do a comprehensive, but clearly and even agreeably acknowledged ignorance.

Undoubtedly the wisdom and beauty of James Whitcomb Riley can never sing to the ears of those of our compatriots who readily adopt the ignorance of sophistication without troubling themselves to learn its knowledge; and on account of the fact that his poetry belongs to the Beaver Kill it must remain undistinguished for the whole range of taste, so pleasantly disparaged by George Moore, which does not care for indigenous expression but only for expression derived.

"If a ship-load of Elgin marbles," he says, "had been landed at Yokohama in the seventeenth century there would have been no more Japanese art. They would have said, 'This is the thing to do,' and they would have done it—badly.

"When European art did come to Japan, it killed the Japanese formula. The Japanese now go to Paris to paint, and a pretty mess they make of it; or they stay at home and try to imitate their own handicraft of two hundred years ago; but the inward vision has vanished from Japan."

Innumerable doubtless are those dwellers in the country of Lincoln's familiar habitation who possess a hopeless faith or fancy that the middle west has been blessed by the

presence of an inward vision unnameable. Rock-shod rivers, brown prairies, friendly towns, the wide run of grain-fields and corn-bottoms must seem always for the lovers of that lay of land, the natural home of a spirit inexpressibly spacious, plain and free. The air that forever comforts you and breaks your heart and assuages you again with pleasurable pain in James Whitcomb Riley's poetry is the melody that tells you that you are a part of that spirit of life. You may have dropped beneath it a hundred and a thousand times. But you have known its wild and infinitely endearing grace. Your soul has felt the shadows of its might. You too have lived these staunchnesses and dreams that are the last realities, and heard the band play in the square and seen the neighbors bring home Coon Dog Wess.

I once had occasion to read to an English night-class of young Russian and Polish people James Whitcomb Riley's "Raggedy Man." In their pleasure in its sincerity and quiet intangible delight I felt a tribute to a certain magic of interpretation in the poem I had never really appreciated before.

"O the Raggedy Man! He works for Pa;
An' he's the goodest man you ever saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow for 'Lizabuth Ann—
Ain't he a' awful Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

"The Raggedy Man—one time, when he
Wuz makin' a little bow'n'-erry fer me,
Says, 'When you're big like your Pa is,
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchant—an' wear fine clothes?
Er what air you go' to be, goodness knows?
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says, 'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!—
I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!"

Something of their own, not like the spirit of other lands, something better far indeed than we are often able to be, and better than our thoughts or any of the formulæ, but somehow like our best fleet instincts, spoke truly to alien listeners in the genius of this poem sung as lightly as the wind blew down the locust blossoms on the shed roof.

When all our ways and days are vanished, and far-off people hardly distinguish the memory of Henry George from that of George Washington, what will tell the nameless spirit we live, to distant listeners? Some such word as this, one may hope—simple and brief and true out of the silence.

Nothing has been said here of James Whitcomb Riley's remarkable gift in characterization—so that not a creature appears in his brief lyric tables, from the thoroughly disagreeable wife of Myle Jones to the heroic Coon Dog Wess, but is fully individualized. Nothing has been said of his nonsense poems or his enchanting parodies, or his verse not in dialect. For some of us—or rather for me, at least, James Whitcomb Riley's poetry has become a part of the country of one's mind; and one walks about in it

without thinking of the names of the different places there; and hears—

"The echoes of old voices, wound
In limpid streams of laughter where
The river Time runs bubble-crowned,
And giddy eddies ripple there;
Where roses, bending o'er the brink,
Drain their own kisses as they drink
And ivies climb and twine and cling
About the song I never sing."—

and listens to the song you never sing yourself.

Here are poems made of the living word. In the mortality of their maker, it is a comfort to turn back to their charm and truth that sing so far in the surrounding night—

"Sing on! sing on, you gray-brown bird
Sing from the swamps, the recesses—pour
your chant from the bushes,
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars
and pines."

EDITH WYATT.

The Faiths of India

Indian Thought, Past and Present, by R. W. Frazer (I. C. S. retired). New York: F. A. Stokes Co. \$3.00.

SOME of the best Anglo-Indian administrators of India keep up their interest in that country even after retirement by writing books on Indian subjects, either from a purely scholarly point of view or "in the best interests of the Empire." The earlier generation of Anglo-Indians, amongst whom we count William Jones, Colebrook, H. H. Wilson, Col. Tod, Grant Duff, Elphinstone, and several others, made some extremely valuable contributions to the literature of the world by opening out Hindu thought and Hindu history to the western people. Before that the people of the West generally considered India a barbarous country and her people savages or semi-savages. The labors of these early writers on India have since been supplemented by some very able contributions by other Anglo-Indian, German, French, American and Indian investigators in the same field. The literature bearing on India is thus growing fast, though a great many of the books are at best only second-hand copies of what has already been achieved by others—repetitions and reproductions with a few comments of the author. These publications have their own value though, in so far as they stimulate interest in Indian subjects and are at least useful reminders. The pity of it is, however, that even the more serious among them prefer to plough the old furrows and make no attempt to break new ground. Religion and the philosophic speculations of ancient India alone monopolize their attention. Very rarely, if at all, they throw light on the social, economic, and political thought and practices of ancient and modern India. There is a mass of material on these subjects that awaits eager and capable students. The work is being undertaken by Hindu scholars. The immediate cause of these reflections is the publication of a volume under the name of "Indian Thought, Past and Present," by Mr. R. W. Frazer, a retired Anglo-Indian civilian. Mr. Frazer professes to give us "a history of Indian thought in so far as that thought has influenced the aspirations, religious beliefs and

social life of all thinking and orthodox Hindus." But the book as it develops eventually does not say much about the aspirations and social life of the Hindus, either in the past or in the present.

In the introduction, as has become customary in all books on India by Anglo-Indian imperialists, the author treats us to a few political homilies. For example, he says that "the war that has centralized Western civilization brings to India a message of peace." What that message is we are not told, unless it be in the remark that "India assured of the justice inherent in the British Empire, will await the time when she will have fitted herself to take a part in the destinies to which her present loyalty and national thought entitle her." We wish we could share Mr. Frazer's belief in the "justice inherent in the British Empire." It is evident that most thinking Indians do not agree with Mr. Frazer's view; nor can we credit Mr. Frazer with accurate observation of the Indian mind by his seeming to think that all that India cares for, is the "knowledge" that "under British rule the sanctity of her household life is as secure against intrusion as the portals of the shrines of her deities." Nor is it much if that is all that British rule in India can be credited with. What modern India cares for immensely more is bread with which to feed her population and her individuality as a nation.

It tickles the pride of the Hindus to be told often and often that the answer which their ancestors have left to "the question of the now and whence and wherefore of the problem of the Universe" is worthy of being placed on the same level if not higher than that of the best thinkers of the West. The Indians of the present day, however, think that they cannot be saved by that pride or by "the synthetic mysticism" which Mr. Frazer finds praiseworthy in the writings of Sir Rabindranath Tagore.

The first ten chapters, out of a total of twelve making the book, are devoted to an exposition of the religious and philosophic thought of the Hindus and the controversies that have been raised in connection therewith by western and Indian students. The subject matter has been presented in a pleasant style, with much fairness displayed in quoting from writers of opposing schools of thought. The quotations are so numerous that it is often difficult to find out the author's personal opinions. Nor when he is seemingly quoting the translations of the original text is it easy to make out if the translations are his or those of others, or whether the translations are literal or free or only abridgements. The chapters dealing with the Vedas, the Brahmanas, the Upanishads, contain a summary of practically everything that has been said about their contents by other scholars. Some translated text, too, has been given in support of the conclusions. Immediately following the chapter on the "Upanishads" is the chapter that deals with "Vedanta." It is interesting though perplexing. It is interesting in so far as it gives a fairly good summary of the different schools of the Vedanta system, with what corresponds to them in European thought. On page 77 it is said: "Some commentators [i. e., Hindu] held that the Vedanta was a revelation from before all time, of one Supreme Spiritual Being which alone existed and could not be evolved into anything but the spiritual. Such a universe could have no taint in it of matter or reality. The world was spiritual and all appearances of reality were illusions." Other commentators held "that the whole past thought of India had been to teach a theism wherein the world was real and created by a beneficent Creator knowable to the faith and devotion of His worshippers." The

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greater part of the chapter is devoted to an exposition of the transcendental monism of Sankara, whose views are compared with those of Plato, Kant, Hegel, Spinoza, Berkeley and other philosophers of ancient and modern Europe. The chapter is perplexing, because in common with the rest of the book, it suffers from lack of system in the arrangement of the matter. It is difficult to fix the principle on which the subject matter of some of the chapters has been arranged. For example, in the chapter on Vedanta the author quotes opinions, with which he seems to agree, which place the Vedanta after the Sankhya and other systems of Hindu philosophy in point of time, yet the book gives precedence to Vedanta. Similarly we are told that Sankara's "object" in expounding Vedanta was "to defeat Buddhism on its own metaphysical reasoning." The Vedanta is said to be a composition of the early Christian era, while Buddhism was born 500 B. C. and Sankara commented upon and expounded the Vedanta in 800 A. D. Yet the chapter on Buddhism follows the chapter on "Vedanta," after an interval of several chapters.

There is only one chapter in the whole book which takes in the social life of the people, and that the one that deals with "Past and Present Position of Woman in India." This is the only chapter in which the existence of Islam, with its seventy millions of adherents in India, finds a recognition. Here again no attempt has been made to trace the systematic evolution of thought and practice from the ancient to the modern times. Facts relating to ancient life have been mixed up with modern practices. There is plenty of evidence in the book showing the steady decline of the position of women in India from the Vedic times onwards, the worst changes having occurred under the

influence of Moslem dominance. A verse of Rigveda is quoted to show that the women were comparatively free to choose their mates in Vedic times. Then follow quotations from the Code known after the name of Menu (a compilation in its present form of the early centuries of the Christian era, representing rather decadent Hinduism), showing the dependent position of woman in Hindu society. We regret the omission of all reference to a verse which says that a family which neglects to honor women soon sinks into ignominy. Later on (p. 288) we are told: "Certainly women in the epic and dramatic poetry stand out vividly in the wild luxuriance of free and unfettered action. They choose their lovers from those who have done heroic deeds in brilliant scenes of combat between rival wooers."

The last chapter gives a brief account of the rise and progress of the modern religious movements like the Brahmo Samaj, the Arya Somaj, and the Rama Krishna Mission. A slight reference is made to the servants of India society of Mr. Gokhale. The Moslem organizations and the political movements are altogether ignored.

However, the book, as far as it goes, is characterized by honesty of purpose and will be useful to those who read it with care and judgment.

LAJPAT RAI.

First Aid to Writers

On the Art of Writing, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

ONE cannot read these charming lectures without envying the undergraduate audience that heard Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch deliver them, at Cambridge in the season of 1913-14, as King Edward VII Professor of English Literature. Sir Arthur has made so few changes from the text as he spoke it that in his preface he apologizes for repetitions, for "arguments dropped and left at loose ends," for "certain small vivacities" and "sallies that meet fools with their folly." It is easy to excuse these signs of origin. The "vivacities" are rather good fun, and as for dropped arguments, nothing in the fabric of the book leads one to hope that arguments will be carried straight to their end. Over the business of starting and stopping each lecture a little time is wasted—but in no other way is the book the worse for having been written to be spoken.

Sir Arthur has a passion for good English, for the good English that was written long ago and lately, that men are now writing and that the future will write. "As literature is an art," he says, "and therefore not to be pondered only, but practised, so ours is a living language and therefore to be kept alive, supple, active in all honorable uses." "For all these writers were alive," he says again, "and I tell you it is an inspiring thing to be alive and trying to write English." The persuasiveness of his passion, which looks back and sees good English of many kinds, which looks forward and welcomes new words and new feeling, is the first originality of his book. The second is his love of the Latin strain in English literature. "I hazard that the most important thing in our blood is that purple drop of the imperial murex we derive from Rome." "We English," he says, "have had above all nations lying wide of the Mediterranean the instinct to refresh and renew ourselves at Mediterranean wells; . . . again and again our writers—our poets especially—have sought them as the hart panteth after the water-brooks."

Although Sir Arthur is and chooses to be in this book a persuader and stimulator, not a thinker, yet when he reflects and generalizes the result is often a remark which is of real value to writers, as when he says: "Now if you accept the argument so far as we have led it—that verse is by nature more emotional than prose—certain consequences would seem to follow: of which the first is that while the capital difficulty of verse consists in saying ordinary things, the capital difficulty of prose consists in saying extraordinary things; that while with verse, keyed for high moments, the trouble is to manage the intervals, with prose the trouble is to manage the high moments." This is useful to the poet and prosewriter who wish to be made each aware of the special difficulty he is resolved to conquer; and equally useful to the prosewriter whom it persuades to avoid high moments by keeping his prose in a low key, and to the poet who can by steering clear of narrative verse escape the inconvenience of trying to say ordinary things. In a lyric or an ode you do not have to describe a man changing his shirt.

No writer can read without shame Sir Arthur's "Interlude: On Jargon." We may never to the best of our recollections have been guilty of anything quite so bad as his worst specimens, like this one from the *London Times*: "One of the most important reforms mentioned in the rescript is the unification of the organization of judicial institutions and the guarantee for all the tribunals of the independence necessary for securing to all classes of the community equality before the law." Yet into jargon of one sort or another nearly all of us fall, especially if our business tempts us to "write apace, read somewhat seldom, think perhaps even less." In spite of "that guiltiest feeling," it is nevertheless pleasant to read the "Interlude," because Sir Arthur's dislike of jargon expresses itself mostly as a love of better English.

He gives few rules. To whom are they addressed? To narrators, explainers, instillers of conviction, self-revealers, elegiac poets or satirists? No, to all writers. At what moment in the long literary process does Sir Arthur imag-



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(2) Almost always prefer the direct word to the circumlocution.

(3) Generally use transitive verbs, that strike their object; and use them in the active voice, eschewing the stationary passive, with its little auxiliary *is's* and *was's*, and its participles getting into the light of your adjectives, which should be few. For, as a rough law, by his use of the straight verb and by his economy of adjectives you can tell a man's style, if it be masculine or neuter, writing or "composition."

Sound advice in sound English, yet deserving to be followed by a few discouraging words. Let not the tractable and ambitious writer hope to do the impossible by obeying Sir Arthur's rules. What happens to you, say, when you sit down to write? Your call for words is answered by abstract nouns, passive verbs, adjectives in troops. Lay aside what you have written, pick it up again after many days, kill off your adjectives, make nearly all your nouns concrete, try your hardest to beat your passive verbs into activity. Well and good: nine times out of ten you will have bettered your pages. And yet, no matter how resolute your attack, you will never make them quite what they would have been if the words which came of themselves, while you were writing your first draft, had been active and concrete. The best way to improve your writing is to change your eyes and ears and brains and memory. To change your words is only an easier way.

Q. K.

What Happened in 1915

The New International Year Book. Edited by Frank Moore Colby. New York: Dodd Mead and Co.

"A COMPENDIUM of the World's Progress for the Year 1915" is the somewhat ambitious title of this yearly record. It is in fact an excellent reference volume, encyclopedic in scope and method, reviewing the developments of the previous year, not all of which could strictly be called "progress." The titles of articles range from such a specific matter as Autolysm to Arbitration and Conciliation, Philosophy, and the War of the Nations. Full cross-references make easy of access the detailed subjects under the longer articles.

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